I am disgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd here,
Pierc'd to the soule with slanders venom'd speare:
The which no Balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.
King. Rage must be withstood:
Give me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.
Mow. Yea, but not change his spots: take but my shame,
And I resigne my gage. My deare, deare Lord,
The purest treasure mortall times afford,
Is spotlesse reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A jewell in a ten-times barr'd up Chest,
Is a bold spirit in a loyall brest.
Mine honour is my life; both grow in one:
Take honour from me, and my life is done.
Then (deare my Liege) mine honour let me try,
In that I live, and for that will I dye.
King. Cosin throw downe your gage,
Doe you begin.
Bul. Oh heaven defend my soule from such foule sinne.
Shall I seeme Crest-falne in my fathers sight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my height
Before this out-dar'd dastard? Ere my tongue,
Shall wound mine honour with such feeble wrong;
Or sound so base a parle: my teeth shall teare
The slavish motive of recanting feare,
And spit it bleeding in this high disgrace,
Where shame doth harbour, even in *Mowbrayes* face.
Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to sue, but to command,
Which since we cannot doe to make you friends,
Be ready, (as your lives shall answer it)
At *Coventree*, upon Saint *Lamberts* day:
There shall your Swords and Lances arbitrate
The swelling difference of your setled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you shall see
Iustice designe the Victors Chivalry.
Lord Marshall, command our Officers at Armes,

Be ready to direct these home, Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glosters* blood,
Doth more solicite me than your exclaimes,
To stirre against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seven sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were seven vialles of his sacred blood.
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dryed by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloster*,
One Viall full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st and breath'st;
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou dost consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dy,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despaire,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd